N° 219.

ENGLAND'S REMEMBRANCER

OF THE

Day of her Visitation, and of the Woes

Near to be revealed, except She Repent.

O *England, England*, long hath been thy day,
Great Signs and wonders God hath wrought in thee;
Thy Visitation it will *wear away*,
And then great *Woes* thou *suddenly* shalt see.
God sundry ways hath sought thee to return,
In peace and plenty he did to thee call;
But thou wast *proud*, against him thou didst spurn,
Yea thou wast *vain*, and so begun thy fall,
To *beat, imprison*, and to *persecute*,
Making *strange Laws* against God's Innocent;
With rage and fury thou didst prosecute
Them, on all such as call'd thee to repent.
The lives of many of Gods servants have
In stinking holes and prisons wore away:
Yea prison bonds have brought them to their grave,
So that they might not live another day.
But know thou this, though we in secret die,
And thou in holes our bodies dost destroy;
Our blood *aloud* unto the Lord will *cry*,
And bring such *Plagues* as shall thee sore annoy.
Can ye not see what all your rage hath wrought,
Your *Persecutions* and your *Banishment?*
They have God's *Judgments* much upon you brought,
Though ye regard not what the Lord hath sent.
Yet in your sins do but the harder grow,
And wickedness doth more and more increase;
Persecute will be your *overthrow*,
Unless from that *great wickedness* ye cease.
Repent and turn, come in in dust and ashes;
Oh weep, and mourn, bewail your time mis-spent:
Return and mend, while God gives *gentle lashes*,
Or else his wrath shall you in shivers rent.
Like to the potherds of the earth, ye shall
Be broke in pieces by his angry stroke;
For he in fury will upon you fall,
If thus by sin ye do him still provoke;
Ye grieve so God there's little hopes of ye;
I would be silent and no more would say,
And if I might I would in secret be,
To mourn to God, and pass my time away,
Untill that day in which Gods *Judgments* shall
Break peoples *hearts*, lay low the haughty mind;
Bring tenderness to hearken to God's call,
In which the poor shall *peace and comfort* find.
But yet again I must to *England* cry,
And one more *warning* unto *London* give:
O England, turn from thine iniquity;
Repent O London, that thou yet mayst live.
O English Nation *hasten*, Oh make haste
To do the things that are both good and just;
Or else God's Judgments will from make thee waste,
And lay thy *strength and honour* in the dust.
Unless thou *turn*, and do thy *sins forsake*;
Unless thou do thy *persecution cease*;
Unless for *conscience* thou indulgence make,
Great woes on thee will yet again increase,
Unless that *good men* shall have *liberty*,
Unless thy *penal Laws be done away*;
Unless thou cease from *bloody cruelty*.
I must thee tell, *that God will bring a day*
Of greater howlings and Calamities,
And *woes more dreadful* shall *beset* thee round;
Thou hast not yet seen *half* the miseries,
That shall within thy *bowels* yet abound.
My heart is sad, mine eyes for sorrow weep;
My soul's oppress, and I in secret cry:
Oh that with peace I might in silence keep,
And not a Prophet be of *misery*.
Before the Lord my soul is bowed low;
For who may stand when once *Jehovah* frowns.
This I must cry, *that woe all flesh shall know*;
Woe's on the Land, Seat, Cities and in Towns.
Woe ye false Prophets, that poor souls *deceive*,
Who for *self ends* fear not to make a *lie*:
No *root* nor *branch* of you the Lord will leave,
But ye shall *sink* with your iniquity.
Woe to you Lawyers, that corrupt the *Law*,
And do not fear to pervert true *judgment*:
On you your works *destruction* will draw,
Except ye *mend*, and speedily *repent*.
Woe to you Rulers, that have not done well;
Your time will end, *the Judge is at the door*,
Who will *destroy* and cast you into *Hell*,
Except ye mend, and shall do so no more.
Woe to all you that have done *violence*
Against those that do *meet to Worship God*.
As ye have used God's poor *Innocents*
So ye shall *feel* God's woful smarting *rod*.
Woe to all you that issue forth command,
To force and *prison* unto *Banishment*;
Ev'n so shall ye be driven by *God's* hand,
In fearful *Plagues* to *endless punishment*.
Woe to all you whom yet the Lord doth spare,
But though God *smites*, yet ye grow *worse and worse*:
Your time is short, and then will come your *share*
In endless *pains*, with Devils in the curse.
Woe every man, both high, low, rich and poor,
Who hath *shed Blood*, and *hurt* God's *Innocent*;
Their *blood* for *vengeance* unto Heaven doth *roar*,
For *woes* upon you till *ye* do repent.
What shall I say! for God will make appear
To great and small, that *woful times* hast on;
In which all people shall both *quake and fear*;
For God will not let such men long alone,
As *beat, imprison*, and are *violent*
Against all such as with you to amend;
And such as cry and call you to repent,
Yea from *their land* in *Banishment* would send:
O foolish folk, ye are both *deaf* and *blind*;
Destruction's neer, it hath *beset* you round;
Plague, Sword and Famine of the *sorest kind*,
Except ye *mend*, these will on you *abound*.
Oh that ye could believe what good men say,
Who see the end of what is now begun:
This is the Eve of that most *dreadful* day,
In which all *sweet* shall grow *pale* and *wan*.
O English people that ye could yet hear!
Ah that ye could but mind the mournful cry
That is for you, to hear this in God's fear,
Repent, repent, for why, why will ye die?
Oh that ye would *believe* what Christ hath said,
And be not like unto the *World of old*;
Who in their sins were by the Flood destroy'd,
Because they would not *mend* when they were *told*,
Though *Noah* preached they would not repent;
The Lord did wait, but they would not amend:
And when God's suffering patience was spent,
He did upon them *utter ruine* send.
Remember what befell the *Sodomites*,
And many others that I could unfold;
Who did as *Pharaoh* by the *Israelites*,
Lift up themselves, and *hate to be controul'd*.
Jerusalem would not believe those Signs,
Which God did shew to call them to amend:
For they knew not the preaching of the times,
Untill God did *destruction* on them send.
Like as did these, so dost thou do, O land,
Thou *eat'st and drink'st*, and *rise'st up to play*;
Thou *heap'st up sin*, and dost not understand
That *near* is come the Lord's most *dreadful day*,
Wherein God now will *inquisition make*,
And seek his *slain*, whose blood the earth doth hid,
Therefore repent, and all your sins forsake,
If ye have hope God's *judgments* to abide.
When silent voice shall in all souls preach loud,
Then suddenly men shall be in amaze;
Then *woe*, yea *woe to all the wicked crowd*:
For they with *horror* then shall fear and gaze.
The *dry bones raise* shall cause the World to quake;
For now on them the breath of life doth hover,
The Lord to them doth now begin to speak,
That they may live to shew God's mighty power,
Oh suddenly men shall themselves *bewail*,
With *woful eyes*, with *gnashing teeth and pain*,
To find no *moan* nor *tears* shall then prevail;
To seek *repentance* then will be *in vain*.
O ye that live, a little time ye have;
Break off from sin, your evil life amend;
And let not *wickedness* your *souls enslave*,
Untill God doth his *wrath* upon you send,
And take you hence in fury and in haste,
And in your sins ye die as many have,
Who in their *lusts* their precious time did *waste*,
Untill grim death did mark them for their grave.
Yet from the Lord, I may to *England* tell
The only way how to *escape* these *woes*;
Cease Persecution, and it shall be *well*.
Grant liberty, this will subdue your foes,
Imbrace God's truth, let it have place in thee;
And let the Law in humane things take place:
But leave man's Conscience in Religion free,
To worship God, as guided by his Grace.
Then ye shall know the truth that maketh free,
With peace in God this *Land* shall be possest.
If ye'l *fear God* ye shall *victorious* be,
And Nations shall *bow down* to you as *blest*.
But if ye will not *cease from Banishment*,
From persecution and iniquity;
Yet ye shall know the Lord hath to you *sent*
Me, to forewarn you of your misery.

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Written the last of the last Month 1663. J. Rainer.